

THE MAGNOLIA:

OR, LITERARY TABLET.

Published Semi-Monthly, at One Dollar Per Annum, in Advance.

VOL. I.

HUDSON, MAY 3, 1834.

No. 16.

* From the New-York Mirror.

I'VE THOUGHT OF THEE.

BY N. F. WILLIS.

I've thought of thee—I've thought of thee
On ocean—many a weary night,
When heaved the long and sullen sea,
With only waves and stars in sight.
We stole along by isles of balm,
We fur'd before the coming gale,
We toss'd amid the starlit calm,
We flew beneath the crowded sail;
But thou wert lost for years to me,
And day and night I thought of thee!

I've thought of thee—I've thought of thee
In France—amid the gay saloon,
Where eyes as dark as eyes may be,
Where many as the leaves in June—
Where life is love, and ev'n the air
Is pregnant with impassion'd thought;
Where song and dance and music are
With one warm meaning solely fraught—
My half-squar'd heart broke lightly free,
As, with a blush, I thought of thee!

I've thought of thee—I've thought of thee;
In Florence—where the fiery hearts
Of Italy are breathed away
In wonders of the deathless arts—
Where strays the contadina down
Val d'Arno, with a song of old,
Where clime and woman seldom frown,
And life runs over sands of gold—
I've walk'd to lone Fiesole
On many an eve—and thought of thee!

I've thought of thee—I've thought of thee
In Fallibroome's holy shade,
Where nobles-born the friars be,
By life's rude changes humbler made—
Here Milton framed his Paradise;
I slept within his very cell;
And as I closed my weary eyes,
I thought the cowl would fit me well—
The cloisters breath'd, it seem'd to me,
Of heart's-ease—but I thought of thee!

I've thought of thee—I've thought of thee
In Rome—when, on the Palatine,
Night left the Cæsars' palace free
To time's forgetful foot and mine—
Or, on the Coliseum's wall,
When moonlight touch'd the ivied stone,
Reclining with a dream of all
That o'er this scene has come and gone—
The shades of Rome would start and flee
Unconsciously—I've thought of thee!

I've thought of thee—I've thought of thee
In Venice—on a night in June,

When, through the city of the sea,
Like dust of silver slept the moon,
Slow turn'd his oar the gondolier,
And, as the black barks glided by,
The water, to my list'ning ear,
Bore e'en the passing lover's sigh—
It was no place alone to be—
I thought of thee—I thought of thee!

I've thought of thee—I've thought of thee
In the Ionian Isles—when straying
With wise Ulysses by the sea,
Old Homer's songs around me playing;
Or, watching the bewitch'd calque,
That o'er the starlit waters flow,
I listened to the helmsman Greek
Who sang the song that Sappho knew.
The poet's spell, the bark, the sea,
Departed as I thought of thee!

I thought of thee—I thought of thee
In Greece—when rose the Parthenon
Majestic o'er the Egean sea,
And heroes with it, one by one—
When in the grove of Academe,
Where Lais and Leontina strayed,
Discussing Plato's mystic theme,
I mused at noontide in the shade—
The Egean wind, the whispering tree,
Had voices—and I thought of thee!

I thought of thee—I thought of thee
In Asia—on the Dardanelles,
When, swiftly as the waters flow,
Each wave some sweet old story tells;
And seated by the marble tank
That lies by Ilium's ruins old,
(The fount where peerless Helen drank,
Where Venus lav'd her locks of gold,)
I joy'd such haunts of song to see,
Yet even here—I thought of thee!

I thought of thee—I thought of thee
Where glide the Bosphor's peerless waters,
And palace-lined from sea to sea;
And ever on its shores the daughters
Of the delicious East are seen,
Prinking the brink with slipper'd feet,
And oh, the veil's white folds between
What eyes of heaven your glances meet?
Peris of light no fairer be,
Yet, in Stamboul—I thought of thee.

I've thought of thee—I've thought of thee
Through change that teaches to forget—
Thy face looks up from every sea,
In every star thine eyes are set.
Though roving 'neath the orient skies,
Whose golden beauty breathes of rest,
I envy every bird that flies.
Toward the far and clouded West—
I think of thee—I think of thee—
Oh, dearest, hast thou thought of me?
Hellepont, Oct. 1.

For the Magnolia.

AMIOI AND STANLEY;

Or a Change of Fortune.

"Then you disbelieve in Lavater?"

"I do; in early life I made physiognomy my study; I must acknowledge that I was sometimes correct in my conclusions: But you saw that child slip at the falls this morning—did you observe the lady who rescued it?"

"I did; but for her it would have perished."

"And you admired her self-possession?"

"I did."

"But did you previously discover in her features the traits of it?"

"I cannot answer your question, for in gazing upon her Lavater was forgotten. But I should suppose such loveliness to be capable of anything that is noble; yet," I added, after a pause, "there is a delicacy in her features, and a shrinking timidity in her bright blue eyes that little accords with lofty daring."

"Then your rules of physiognomy do not work with her."

"O yes, they do; it was the tenderness of her nature that compelled her to sacrifice her own safety, and I am sure her countenance expresses that. I doubt whether she would have attempted it, if she had known the risk, for I observed that she fainted when the danger was past."

"That sir, was owing to physical causes: the weakness of body, not mind; the latter I am confident would have sustained her. But you saw the gentleman who came to her relief; can you tell me what your physiognomical powers would ascribe to him?"

"I can, for his manly beauty interested me. His eyes are brilliant and searching; his features are strongly marked, and they express decided firmness. There is a proud fearlessness in slight curl of his lip that accords with the hauteur of his carriage; and yet the conciliatory tones of his voice contradict his appearance. I should pronounce his ruling passion inordinate ambition."

The old man smiled as I proceeded, and fixing his calm eyes with interest on mine, he replied.

"The young man whom you have pronounced ambitious, I have known from childhood; his history is interesting, and if you have the curiosity to listen, I will relate it."

My companion and myself had just escaped from the numerous throng of visitors at the Catskill Mountain House, and after witnessing the event slightly alluded to above, we had

strayed to the more elevated part of the mountain, commonly called the round top; and seating ourselves beneath the venerable shade of a pine tree, I listened to the following tale.

"It has been my province to superintend a collegiate institution, and among the students placed under my care, were Henry and Clarence Amiot. The latter you have seen and pronounced ambitious, therefore I need not describe him. Henry was about two years older than Clarence, and like him, he possessed a tall and well proportioned figure, and the same look of firmness. There was in truth a striking resemblance in the features of the brothers, but the expressions varied. Henry had also the curl of the lip, but it was more strongly marked, and expressive of contempt. His eyes were also brown, but more quick and flashing; and there was in his manner a practised graciousness that ill accorded with the contemptuous curl of his lip. My opinion of Clarence was at once formed, and it was the same as yours now is. But I considered the character of Henry as of a darker cast; I judged him to be possessed of a turbulent and ungovernable spirit, and a bold and daring recklessness of character; yet there was a peculiar beauty in every turn of his countenance that fascinated the most inattentive observer; and when the low tones of his voice fell on the ear, all listened with intense interest. But there was only one, excepting Clarence, who approached him with any degree of familiarity, and he was a young man of more than common talent. His name was Charles Stanley, and he was said to be the orphan son of poor, but honest parents; he was educated by the bounty of Mr. Amiot, the father of Henry and Clarence. His appearance differed much from that of the brothers; in his countenance there was no marks of passion; his eyes were blue, clear, and soft, and the tones of his voice when engaged in conversation, were generally, at the commencement deep and tremulous, as though he feared his own abilities, but when warmed with his subject, he would forget his diffidence, and his voice would become smooth, distinct, and impressive. But he was entirely devoid of enthusiasm, and his eyes expressed not the emotions of his subject. There was but one student in the University who paid not to Stanley the respect due to his acquirements. Henry was at times familiar and tyrannical towards him; but Stanley—the impenetrable Stanley was ever the same. Once only did I observe, after some biting insult from Henry, a quivering of the compressed lip and a quick

flushing of the eye, startled me by its sinister expression; but he hastily left the apartment, followed by Charles, whose disturbed countenance plainly evinced the grief he felt at his brother's injustice. Of course I attempted to bring Henry to a sense of his duty, but I might as well have attempted to quell the raging tempest. His passions increased to such frightful violence, that I was compelled to call in the parental authority of his father. I know not what passed in the long interview between them. But Henry entered the room, and bowing with the gracefulness he could so well assume, politely made his acknowledgements. Time winged on her rapid flight, and Henry Amiot's studies were finished, and he departed for home, and Clarence and Stanley still remained. My mind had undergone a change in regard to the two latter characters. The generous and noble traits of Clarence had won my warmest esteem; his bravery had made him firm, and his courage fearless; but his disposition was mild and courteous, and devoid of that hauteur at first so striking in his appearance; and if he was ambitious, it was only the laudable ambition of gaining for himself the approbation of his friends. It was his to be the mediator between his associates, and to heal the wounds caused by the passions of his elder brother, and he loved Henry despite of the difference in their characters. With Stanley he was always reserved and polite. I had at first attributed this to pride, but circumstances soon convinced me to the contrary, for many a poorer and more inferior classmate, shared the full confidence of his playful hours, and there was not one but what loved the brave and gentle youth. My opinion of Stanley was not so favorable: I fancied that I could detect at times, an overweening desire for power, notwithstanding the apparent humility of his conduct. Clarence Amiot alone had penetrated the hidden depths of his heart, and he despised the motives of his patient calmness under injuries and insults. "Had he power," said Clarence, "I think he would abuse it—I despise the cold calculating hypocrisy that can stoop from the dignity of manhood out of mere selfishness. If I thought his meekness arose out of Christian principles, I should honor his forbearance, but I have too many reasons for doubting it."

"I was startled at the suspicions of Clarence, and endeavored to eradicate them as unjust, but I am confident he always maintained them despite the deference he generally paid to my advice. The time soon passed away, and

Clarence and Stanley returned home, and at the request of Mr. Amiot I accompanied his son. My health had rendered it necessary for me to relinquish my pursuits, therefore the invitation so earnestly offered was gladly accepted by me. Stanley had a sister at one of the boarding schools in the state of New-York, and he had gone to conduct her home to Mr. Amiot's. Agnes Stanley was the same little beauty whom you saw at the Falls this morning; but she had not then the thoughtful expression that now rests upon her features; the sweet inspiring tones of her joyous laugh were ever ringing out from the overflowing fountains of her heart, and even now I see her as she first appeared to me in all her loveliness. It was in the splendid apartments of the Amiot's the day after her arrival; her eyes were half hid in their long silken lashes, and the quick blood would rush to her brow and cheek at every sentiment she found confidence to utter. I remember contrasting her appearance with that of a noble beauty that hung directly opposite, and after gazing on the speaking eye of the almost breathing canvas, and the masculine vigor blended with the feminine softness, and the lofty brow. I turned from it to admire still more the artless beauty of Agnes Stanley; I soon perceived that Henry and Clarence were rivals in the affections of Agnes. I was surprised at the preference she seemed to give to Henry, for with him her playful sallies were more frequent, and her laugh rung out more freely. To this Clarence was not blind, for he was seldom by her side. It was with Henry that she climbed the mountain's height, or culled the wild flowers that grew by its side; by Henry she had been taught to curb the most impetuous charger, and to guide her sail-boat o'er the surrounding lake; and to have seen the delicate being displaying the graces of the drawing-room, and afterwards bounding o'er the hill and plain, you would have imagined that Agnes Stanley had chaged characters. There was at times a wild exuberance in her spirits, that was almost startling; to Clarence it was evidently painful. Suddenly her light laugh ceased, and her buoyant footsteps bounded not o'er the hill's side; her riding accomplishments were forgotten, and her sail-boat lay neglected on the lake. Agnes was sad; I marked the change, but knew not the cause. Henry had also changed, for there was at times a moody savage silence in his appearance, or a stern ferocity, that I could not account for; his conduct towards Stanley was, marked with studied insult: this, howe-

was borne by Stanley with the same impenetrable calmness. One morning I surprised the latter with his sister; never shall I forget it. His countenance depicted the deepest rage; with one hand he held the timid girl in his rough grasp; she was struggling to free herself, and the tears were trembling in her eyes. As I made my appearance he started, relaxed his hold, muttered an indistinct apology, and retreated from the room. Clarence Amiot was now the constant attendant of Agnes. Henry was seldom at home, and when he was, his presence seemed embarrassing to the latter; and though Clarence was ever kind to him, with him he refused communion.—My curiosity was roused, and at length it was gratified. Clarence and myself had wandered by the lake's side, and we stood gazing upon the last rays of the sun that had sunk behind the distant mountains. The lake lay stretched before us, reflecting the sunset glow on its glassy surface; but our eyes instinctively wandered from it to the neglected sail-boat, that lay wreathed in its faded garlands, and fastened to its chain. "Agnes," said I, after a pause, "has lost her taste for the sail-boat." Clarence started, and turning towards me, asked me if I knew the cause. I replied that I did not.

"This morning," said he, "I found Agnes alone, and in tears, and I wrung from her the cause. My brother has proposed himself to her, and she has rejected him." "But why has she rejected him; she was evidently partial to him." "She says that she has ever regarded Henry with the affection of a sister, and she reproaches herself with the misery she has so thoughtlessly caused. Her brother, I suspect, entreats, and perhaps commands her to the alliance, and my father has sanctioned it; respect for Henry, gratitude to my father, and the fear of her brother, has long been struggling in her heart, but that heart belongs to another. Need I tell you her love is returned with a power as deep as her own."—He shaded his face with his hand to conceal his emotion, and paused. The truth now rushed with force to my mind. The conduct of Agnes had indeed been mistaken; her playful freedom with Henry had proceeded from indifference, and ignorant of the attachment of Clarence, the wild exuberance of her spirits had been called forth to conceal the hidden feelings of the heart. "And your father—will he not sanction her choice," said I, as these thoughts crossed my mind. "He will, but Agnes Stanley must never be mine

at the expense of my brother's happiness; I would not add to the bitterness of his excited feelings." Our conversation was here interrupted, but my mind refused to shake off the impression of it. I could not but consider the self-denying principle of Clarence in this instance as folly, still it excited my admiration. But I will not detain you here with my reflections. The summer and winter had passed, and still I was a resident of the Amiets.—Henry had been spending the winter from home, and his return was daily expected.—Charles Stanley had been established in business by Mr. Amiot, and Clarence and Agnes still remained happy in each other's society. Stanley's efforts to unite Agnes with Henry proving unsuccessful, he now seconded the wishes of Mr. Amiot, and warmly recommended her alliance with Clarence, but it was in vain. No argument—no inducement but the consent of his brother could make him alter his resolution; and he, with a savageness of purpose withheld it. The health of Mr. Amiot had been declining for some time, and a week preceding the arrival of Henry he was confined to his bed, and the day that Henry returned he was in the last stage of disease; and that night, in the presence of his sons, he breathed his last. I entered the room just as he had expired. Never—never shall I forget the wild, the unearthly look of Henry Amiot. Clarence was as pale as the breathless clay that lay extended upon his arm. I immediately lifted the lifeless body from its position, and taking Clarence by the arm, I gently led him from the room. He mechanically obeyed, for he was as calm as the horrors of speechless agony could make him. I was alarmed at his appearance, and in hastening for assistance, I was met by Henry, who, with the same wildness in his appearance, seized me by the arm, and fixing his keen eye intently on mine, asked me if his brother had spoken yet. I told him he had not. "Then," said he "let no one be admitted to his presence; his mind is disordered, and none but myself shall witness his weakness." So saying, he darted from me, and I heard him enter the apartment of his brother, and fasten the door. After giving my orders to the attendants, and despatching a messenger for Stanley, my anxiety led me to the room joining that of Clarence, to enquire of Henry respecting him; but the voice of altercation fell on my ear, and surprise, for a moment, held me motionless; the words of Henry Amiot chained me to the spot, and though

half choked with passion, they fell with a horrible distinctness on my ear. "Fool!—madman!" muttered he, "would you ruin us both?—would you see him, the paltry and detested minion, the proud possessor of all our possessions?—would you be spurned by him even as I have spurned him? If so, go on; but mark me Clarence—I am in earnest—I have sworn it—the moment you reveal to him this night's discovery, that hour is his last; aye, even though my own life be sacrificed."

"Henry," said the calm voice of Clarence, "hear me—I beg of you to be calm—you are wrought up to desperation, and to-morrow you will think better of this."

"Never!—never!—Oh, Clarence, think of it as it is—consider the sneers of the world—Can you, with all your sensitive delicacy—can you, I say, bear to be gazed upon by your equals or your inferiors with the scorn of their base hearts? Can you, who have so studiously sought for the esteem of the world, now bear its scorn?"

"Yes, Henry, I feel that I can bear the contempt of all, if I know that I have not merited it; but I fear it not. I have not sought out the esteem of such as would scorn me for a just action, or for my station in life, however humble it might be. With such low minds I would not grovel. My mind is fixed, thank God; it has never wavered. I will restore to Stanley the possessions that he has been so unjustly deprived of, though my life should pay the forfeit. I fear not death, then why should I fear you. Reflect then, I entreat you, ere it be too late for your own honor."

"But there are things worse than death."

"I know it; the loss of our own esteem—the stings of a guilty conscience."

"Fool! I meant not that; but to be at the bidding of those you have despised. No, no—I will not—I cannot submit to be ruled where I have ruled." Here his voice became low and fearful. "Swear to keep this secret—marry Agnes; she then will not be a sufferer."

"And Stanley—"

"Is he not already in as good circumstances as he is capable of filling?—Do you love him better than me?—Would you see me a beggar at the mercy of the multitude? Oh, Clarence, think of it!"

"There are many situations that you could fill with honor to yourself."

"Did you say honor, Clarence?—are you mocking me?—do you think I can submit to—But are you sure my father's confessions were not the wrings of a disordered intellect?"

"Henry," said Clarence, "you know these were no ravings in that death-bed repentance. Would to God there had been; then, at least, my father's memory would have no stain; and Henry, why should yours or mine? Oh, be no longer a coward. You have shrunk not from danger. Why should the fear of a more humble station appal you? Your mind once made up to a strict fulfilment of your duties, you could better bear the contumely of the unjust, than the secret whisperings of your own guilty heart—better be the injured than the injurer."

A bustle below announced the approach of Stanley, and with an aching heart I proceeded to meet him. He appeared overwhelmed with grief, and earnestly enquired for the brothers. I informed him of Henry's wish, not to be disturbed, and he went to the apartment of Agnes. My room was directly under the one occupied by Henry and Clarence, and the scenes I had witnessed, together with the conversations I had overheard, prevented me from sleeping, and I lay listening through the night to the hurried tread of footsteps above. In the morning the family assembled. Henry was very pale and dejected, but the wildness of his eye had vanished, and I must confess that I feared he had conquered his brother; and I turned to Clarence, but all was collected, and thus matters passed until the last funeral obsequies had been attended to, and then Clarence requested my attendance in the study the following morning.

I made my appearance as requested, and found Stanley and Agnes already there, and two strangers with whom I was unacquainted. In a few moments Henry and Clarence entered, and it was then, and in the presence of Agnes Stanley, that Henry Amiot, in a clear manner, related the following circumstances. I cannot now give you his words, but the purport was this:—

The father of Stanley and the elder Amiot were cousins, dependant upon the capricious will of an uncle. Amiot was the favorite, and to him had the uncle bequeathed his immense estate; but Amiot offended him, and Mr. Stanley, with consummate art, persuaded him to alter his will in his own favor. Amiot was present at the death of his uncle, and being acquainted with every part of the dwelling, he searched; and found the latter will, and secured it; and as his uncle had partially received him into favor a short time previous to his death, it could not be proved but what the uncle himself had destroyed it. Time passed on, and the elder Stanley lost his

life in rescuing Amiot from danger, and the latter, stung by remorse, took under his care the helpless orphans, in order to make some small amends for the injuries he had done. I will not attempt to describe the surprise of Stanley, or the emotion of Agnes. The will was produced, and the strangers had been witnesses to it. Henry Amiot retired as soon as he had given his statement, and Clarence remained to inform Stanley, that he should be put in immediate possession of his property, with all the interest due. I was happy to find that the property of Amiot had increased sufficiently to allow a small competence to Henry and Clarence. It was the intention of Henry to depart for the North as soon as his business was settled, and Clarence had consented to occupy my former place in the institution.

How true were the words of Clarence Amiot respecting Stanley—as soon as the latter became well assured of his possessions, the obsequiousness of his character departed, and the sordid selfishness of his nature was displayed in the most disgusting extremes.

The day before Henry's intended departure, Clarence and myself accompanied him to settle some trifling demand of Stanley.

Henry requested a short interview with Agnes for the last time, but Stanley refused it contrary to my expectations. He displayed no violence, but casting on Stanley a withering look of contempt, he bade him good morning. The day was sultry, and we concluded to return by the path leading round the mountain. We had not proceeded far before we espied Agnes. She stood gazing down upon us from a projecting point of the rock that overlooked our path. She beckoned us to approach, and with some difficulty we succeeded in gaining the eminence. After a long conversation with Agnes we prepared to depart, but Clarence lingered, and requested us to proceed slowly, as he should soon overtake us. Our path now lay round the turn of the mountain, for we did not choose to descend. The path was difficult; and soon fatigued, we seated ourselves to rest in the inviting shade. Suddenly a faint scream started us to our feet, and we hastened to the spot where we had left Clarence and Agnes. As soon as we reached the shelving point, we descended about one hundred feet below us, the form of Agnes apparently bending over some object. I cannot describe to you our feelings, or by what superhuman agency we reached that spot. We had expected to see the blood-

ing and mangled body of our own beloved Clarence, and it was with a wild feeling of relief that we discovered the livid features of Charles Stanley. They were distorted and bloody, and the eyes fearfully obtruded from their sockets. But I will spare you that awful scene of horror. Clarence had gone for assistance, but ere he arrived, the convulsive quivering of the limbs had ceased. I laid my hand upon his heart, but its beatings had stilled. Slowly and mournfully they lifted the mangled corse, and bore it to the house. Agnes shed no tear—uttered no sound, but leaning on the arms of Clarence and Henry, followed the body of her brother.

It seems after we left Clarence and Agnes, that she had insisted on his descending the mountain, and choosing a safer path, and in descending, they had perceived the form of Stanley approaching toward them; and thinking from his manner that he had not perceived them, they retreated into the cavity formed in the rock by the projecting shelves above. In doing this, they were obliged to grasp at the small briars for support, that caused a rustling, and ere they were safely in their retreat, something fell from the rock. It was the body of Stanley. Probably, in leaning too far over the precipice, he had lost his balance, and precipitated himself into eternity.

I will turn to a brighter part of my history. There is an aptitude in our minds to forget grief, however strong may be its causes, and 'tis well. Henry departed, but not without leaving to Clarence and Agnes his blessing and wishes for their union. The scenes he had passed through, and the reflection of the errors of youth have made him a better man. Time has also cured his unhappy affection for Agnes; and though once more possessed of wealth, by the death of a distant relative, he is about bestowing it, with his hand, on an humble peasant girl of the Alpine mountains. Some other time shall you have his history, for it is as romantic as a tale of fiction. At present I have detained you too long, and I fear Clarence and his bride are already waiting for me to join them." A. B.

A NEW IDEA.—A merchant received a letter yesterday from a young man in his employment, from which we are permitted to make the following extract. "Concerning my sickness, I suppose you have been informed. I suffered every thing but death, and had that taken place at one time, it would have been fifty dollars in my pocket!"—*Boston Transcript.*

For the Magnolia,
A Dream.

I had a dream—perchance am dreaming now!
Methought I wandered in a foreign land,
Alone in spirit. A frail bark
Tossed on misfortunes' tempest—methought the grave
Contained my friends most dear, and I alone and
 Silentless
Wandered forth, to meet the scoffings of the world.
None pitied—none did give relief, but all
Conspired to lengthen out my days of wretchedness.
Alas! alas! thought I, where are my pleasures, joys,
And dear delights? A voice unseen, did say:
"Thus fade world's pleasures—lift thy thoughts above."
A change came o'er the spirit of my dream;
I was in happy regions—and the sky
Above me was most beautiful; soft gales
Stole from a peaceful ocean, whose dark waves
Rolled gently on. Before my dim vision, a palace
Stood in all its grandeur; the sun in its zenith
Looked in splendor down o'er verdant vallies;
Not a breath fanned through the lofty trees,
Or waved the thickness of its foliage. By it stood
A church, faded with age, a venerable pile,
Whose "pointed spire had braved the blasts
Of many a winter drear." This spot, methought,
 might well
Please him, who unambitious of a noisy life
Would seek, in solitude, that place,
Which sweet retirement only gives.
Ah! thought I, how pleasant is our life,
So beautiful, so soothing to the soul!
I'll be content to live—and live forever!
 But it was a dream!
I waked—and all had vanished!

Pittsfield, May, 1834.

For the Magnolia.
Indolence.

Nothing truly valuable can be obtained without persevering industry. "Idle persons," says Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, "whatever be their condition, however rich or fortunate, can never be well in body or mind." Often the loss of property arouses the young to effort, and instead of being a misfortune, is indeed a blessing. Early rising naturally connects itself with industry; those first hours of the day, so free from interruption, should be devoted to cheerful employment; besides rendering ourselves profitable, we have the sweet satisfaction of improving that time, which so many waste in sleep.—Almost all, who have distinguished themselves for their literary pursuits, have devoted the early morn to their studies; for instance, Dr. Paley, Dr. Doddridge, Sir Thomas Moore, and Wesley. Indolence is too often found among the female class of society, and more particularly, when young. To pass off the time seems their chief object; not thinking that in after years they will bitterly repent their mispent time; would that we followed the example of our mother's and grandmother's,

they were strictly industrious, attending to the wants of their household and improving every moment of their time in some profitable manner—not with painting and embroidery, or perusing some fashionable novel, but anticipating the wishes of those around them. The good New-England wheel has long been displaced by the Piano, and the ruddy glow of health has forsook the cheek of the fair damsel who once sat singing at her wheel. All this is the result of inactivity, her days are spent in idleness, and of course the night is restless. "The sleep of the laboring man is sweet," said an observer of human nature.—But although indolence in a female is disgusting, it is despicable in a man. The indolent female may possess other excellencies; but a *lazy man* is a pest in society, and in fact, good for nothing. There are many ways in which time may be improved, besides what is termed employment; we can pass away our leisure hours with books, not *foolish trash*, but such as will improve and store our minds with useful knowledge, such as will in after years, be remembered with pleasure. History is too often neglected by the young, merely because they *think* they have no taste for it; but cultivate a taste for useful reading, for there is no one that has a mind superior to an idiot, but can do this. "The natural character of youth is an aptitude for various exertion, but an impatience of confinement to a single one."—The mind and body cannot at that period be too much employed, provided the employment be wisely and punctually varied, for we have numerous examples of great acquisitions being made in early life. Parents do not, sometimes, consider how important it is to accustom their children to habits of industry, for the wise Solomon said, "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." In former times, when every matron ruled her own household, and her daughters were her obedient servants, dyspepsy was rarely known, *laxatives* were not needed; but there was more of "homely, heartfelt comfort."

Pittsfield, May, 1834.

ORTHOGRAPHY.—A schoolmaster had, among his other pupils, a Yankee and a Dutch boy. Both were learning orthography. The schoolmaster required the Yankee to spell his own name. He performed it thus: "Big A, little a-r-o-n." The Dutch boy took the hint from this, and answered to a similar request: "Big Hans, little Hans-r-o-n."

For the Magnolia.

Cupid.

Old Cupid is a boy,
And always has been so,
He's somewhat shy, reserv'd and coy,
I've seen him often tho'.

His smiling, rosy face,
Is dimpled here and there;
He moves with free and easy grace,
Supremely debonnaire.

His silver bow is strung,
With nerves of maidens hearts;
His quiver o'er his shoulder hung,
Is fill'd with curious darts.

His voice is music's own;
His words can thrill the frame;
There's sorcery in his look alone;
There's music in his name.

Let those deride his power
Who never felt his smart;
He gives no sweetly blissful hour,
To a selfish worldly heart.

Success to thee old boy,
The world were dark without thee;
And tho' thou hast given me no joy,
I'll never scold about thee.

J. M.

Rural Occupations.

No situation is so favorable to establish habits of virtue, and to powerful sentiments of devotion, as a residence in the country, and rural occupations. I am not speaking of a condition of peasantry,—of which, in this country, we know little,—who are mere vassals of an absent lord, or the hired laborers of an intendant, and who are therefore interested in nothing but the regular receipts of their daily wages; but I refer to the honorable character of an owner of the soil, whose comforts, whose weight in the community, and whose very existence, depends upon his personal labors, and the regular returns of the abundance from the soil which he cultivates. No man, one would think, would feel so sensibly his immediate dependence upon God, as the husbandman. For all his peculiar blessings he is invited to look immediately to the bounty of Heaven. No secondary cause stands between him and his maker. To him are essentially the regular succession of the seasons, and the timely fall of the rain, the genial warmth of the sun, the sure productiveness of the soil, and the certain operations of those laws of nature, which must appear to him nothing less than the varied exertions of omnipresent energy. In the country we seem to stand in the midst of the great theatre of

God's power, and we feel an unusual proximity to our Creator. His blue and tranquil sky spreads itself over our heads, and we acknowledge the intrusion of no secondary agent in unfolding this vast expanse. Nothing but Omnipotence can work up the dark horrors of the tempest, dart the flashes of the lightning and roll the long resounding rumour of the thunder. The breeze wafts to his senses the odors of God's beneficence; the voice of God's power is heard in the rustling of the forest; and the varied forms of life, activity and pleasures, which he observes at every step in the fields, leads him irresistibly, one would think, to the source of being, and beauty, and joy. How auspicious such a life to the noble sentiments of devotion! besides the situation of the husbandman is peculiarly favorable, it should seem, to purity and simplicity of moral sentiment. He is brought acquainted chiefly with the real and native wants of mankind. Employed solely in bringing food out of the earth, he is not liable to be fascinated with the fictitious pleasures, the unnatural wants, the fashionable follies, and tyrannical vices of more busy and splendid life.

Still more favorable to the religious character of the husbandman is the circumstance, that from the nature of agricultural pursuits, they do not so completely engross the attention as other occupations. They leave much time for contemplation, for reading, and intellectual pleasures, and these are peculiarly grateful to the resident in the country. Especially does the institution of the Sabbath discover all its value to the tiller of the earth, whose fatigue it solaces, whose hard labor it interrupts, and who feels on that day the worth of moral nature, which cannot be understood by the busy man, who considers the repose of this day as interfering with his hopes of gain, or professional employments. If then this institution is of any moral and religious value, it is to the country we must look for the continuance of that respect and observance which it merits. My friends, those of you, especially, who retire annually into the country, let these periodical retreats from business or dissipation, bring you nearer to your God, let them restore the clearness of your judgment on the objects of human pursuits, invigorate your moral perceptions, exalt your sentiments, and regulate your habits of devotion, and if there be any virtue or simplicity remaining in rural life, let them never be impaired by the influence of your presence and example.

The Immortal Mind.

BY LORD BYRON.

When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
 Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?
 It cannot die, it cannot stay,
 But leaves its darken'd dust behind.
 Then, unembodied, doth it trace
 By steps each planet's heavenly way?
 Or fill at once the realms of space;
 A thing of eyes that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
 A thought unseen, but seeing all,
 All, all in earth, or skies display'd,
 Shall it survey, shall it recall;
 Each fainter trace that memory holds
 So darkly of departed years,
 In one broad glance the soul beholds,
 And all that was at once appears.

Before creation peopled earth,
 Its eye shall roll through chaos back:
 And where the furthest heaven had birth,
 The spirit trace its rising track.
 And where the future mars or makes,
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
 While sun is quench'd or system breaks;
 Fixed is its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
 It lives all passions and pure;
 And age shall fleet like earthly year;
 Its years as moments shall endure.
 Away, away, without a wing,
 O'er all, through all its thoughts shall fly
 A nameless and eternal thing,
 Forgetting what it was to die.

Casper Karlinski—a Polish Anecdote.

In the course of the sanguinary war which was carried on between the Swedes and the Poles, in the 16th century, respecting the rights of Sigismund III, the King of Poland, to the throne of Sweden, the Swedish usurper prepared to invade Poland with the whole force of his kingdom. Sigismund, unable to make head in the field against the overwhelming superiority of the enemy, contented himself with reinforcing the garrisons of his frontier towns, and placing in his chief command, warriors of approved courage and fidelity.

Among others, the king selected Casper Karlinski, a man on whom he could safely rely in the emergencies of his situation. He was a nobleman then advanced in years, and renowned among his countrymen, not so much for his wealth or rank, as for the dauntless valour he had frequently displayed in the service of his native land. He willingly obeyed the commands of his sovereign, and repaired immediately to the fortress of Olstyn, the post assigned to him; for the defence of which he made every preparation that could be dictated by his long-tried skill and experience.

A formidable body of the enemy soon made

their appearance before Olstyn, and a threatening summons to surrender was sent to Karlinski. His answer was—"I will obey no orders but those of my king, and will keep the faith I have pledged to him untarnished till death." The enemy then changed their mode of attack, and made him the most splendid offers—a seat in the senate, the highest rank, and boundless possessions, if he would surrender Olstyn, and embrace their party. Karlinski treated their bribes with greater scorn than their threats. The hostile leaders set before him the disproportion of the contending forces, the weakness of his side, and the consequent danger to which he exposed himself by his obstinacy. Karlinski saw only the peril of his country, and remained equally inflexible.—Convinced at last of his unbending integrity, and confident of victory, the enemy made a furious attack upon the castle; but through the strength of the walls, the bravery of the besieged, and still more, the skill of their gallant commander, they were repulsed with great slaughter.

The foe was discouraged by this defeat, but still determined on the attempt to gain by stratagem, what negotiation and force had alike failed in procuring for them. Every disposition was therefore made, as if they intended another assault. The gallant Karlinski, relying on his good cause, and the bravery of his followers, excited as he was by their recent victory, looked fearlessly to the result of their approaching conflict. The adversary advanced still nearer the walls, when their front flank unfolded, and an armed man, leading a woman by the hand with a child in her arms, came forward. The besieged gazed on one another in astonishment at the unexpected appearance; and Karlinski, as if spell-bound, remained looking on it for some time in mute amazement. All on a sudden, he uttered a loud cry, and exclaimed, "Almighty God! it is my son!—my Sigismund!" and fell motionless on the ramparts.

It was indeed his son, whom the enemy had surprised with his nurse and carried away, and now placed in front of their army; hoping through this expedient, to be able to advance to the castle walls, without being exposed to the fire of the hostile ramparts.

Their cunning was at first successful—the besieged, from their love to their adored commander, dared not discharge a single cannon, and the Swedes approached, undisturbed, almost to the foot of the walls, and prepared to scale them. Karlinski, at this moment, recovered his senses but it was only to suffer a

greater anguish. He saw the danger, but no means of averting it without a sacrifice too dreadful to think of. "I have lost," he cried out, in a despairing voice, "seven brave sons in battle for my country, and is that the last sacrifice required from me?" A death-like pause ensued, broken only by the cries of the child, whose features now could be distinctly traced, as he was still carried in advance of the onward moving ranks. Karlinski at last seemed inspired with superhuman strength; he snatched the lighted brand from one of the gunners, and cried, "I was a Pole before I was a father," and with his own hand, discharged the gun which was the signal for a general volley. A tremendous fire was immediately poured from every battlement; it swept away to death Karlinski's infant, and great multitudes of the enemy. The besieged made a vigorous sally; Karlinski was completely victorious, and Olftzyn was delivered.

Daniel Boone.

Boone was the most formidable leader of the Long Knives. He was the patriarch of the settlement, and often supplied the destitute with game. When emigrant families were approaching, he went out to meet them and conduct them in.

He was captured and carried to Chillicothe, where he was adopted into an Indian family and treated kindly. He became a general favorite. But after a while the tribe determined on an expedition against Boonesborough, and Boone resolved to attempt an escape. The expedition was on its way when the opportunity occurred, by the appearance of a deer which Boone was permitted to pursue. When out of sight he instantly turned, with his best speed, for Boonesborough, using every craft to mislead his pursuers. Few but Boone could have found his way and concealed his trail. Travelling night and day, he went two hundred miles in a brief space, and was received with shouts by his friends. A new force was sent against this garrison of 600 Indians, commanded by a Frenchman, named Duquesne. Colonel Boone and another went out on a proposition for a parley, but they posted twenty-five men in a bastion, with orders to fire on the council, on any appearance of violence or treachery. The two were seized by the Indians, when the men in the bastion fired, and the traitor who had Boone's companion was killed. In the confusion occasioned by this prompt fire, both escaped to the garrison. The Indians attempt-

ed to burn the palisades, but the fire was extinguished; and to mine from the river bank, but their work fell in.

On the morning of the ninth day they retired, after having lost two hundred of their number. But two men were killed in the garrison; one hundred and twenty-five pounds of bullets were gathered in the fort.

While Boone was a captive at Chillicothe, his wife supposing that he was dead returned with the family to North Carolina. Kentucky had been to her the *bloody ground*.—Her first born son had fallen on its threshold; the daughter had been a captive, restored by the imminent risk of the father; and the father had, as she feared, perished under the savage tortures. The party arrived on packhorses, and they were clothed in skins. Boone afterwards returned to visit them.

When he returned to Kentucky, he could freely indulge in his passion for the chase, for there was now no danger from the Indians.

But as the Indians retired, the land became more valuable, and deeds and titles came into repute. Boone had explored and occupied unclaimed tracks, but speculators and lawyers ousted him: This however he bore better than the diminution of game. Litigation upon land titles took the place of Indian war.—The event of Boone's suits was not such as would reconcile him to laws, judges, juries and lawyers, and he felt his heart draw towards the prairies of the Missouri. Behold the little family then upon a new and distant pilgrimage. They passed through Cincinnati thirty years ago, when that noble city was a small village. Having been asked how he could leave Kentucky? "Too crowded," said he, "too crowded—I want more elbowroom."

In Missouri his neighbors were French and Spanish; a simple race that had many kinds of property in common. They had little of that spirit of speculation that had made Kentucky an unquiet place to Boone. He was appointed Commander of the district of St. Charles. In 1813 he had the misfortune to loose his wife,—a woman of a faithful and generous nature. After this, he resided with his son, occasionally trapping and exploring the country for two or three months at a time. He died in 1818, as he had lived—tranquil and collected.

Mr. Money, a little draper man, was denouncing at the York Assembly with a tall lady of the name of Bond; on which Stern said, "There was a great Bond for a little Money."

Presence of Mind.

There are but few individuals who exhibit any extraordinary presence of mind amid scenes of unexpected and imminent peril.—This is a quality which seems to be denied to the greater part of the human race. Sudden danger has the effect of paralyzing all the faculties, and like the fabled enchanter's wand, instantaneously deprives the athletic man of his strength, and the wise man of his mental powers. Presence of mind is quality which cannot be acquired; it must be conferred by nature, and commands admiration whenever it is exhibited. It is a kind of intuitive wisdom, which instinctively prompts its possessor immediately to adopt extraordinary and perhaps the only measures which can save him from apparently inevitable destruction.

Some of our readers may recollect the anecdote of a lady in Bengal, who in company with several friends was regaling in an arbor, when a rustling was heard among the bushes, and an enormous tiger was seen crouching within a few feet, ready to make his unerring spring. The dreadful fate of some of the party seemed inevitable—when this young lady, who perhaps in other circumstances would have fainted at the sight of blood, or screamed at the approach of a harmless spider, suddenly snatched her parasol, and opened it full in the monster's face, who terrified at such an unexpected reception, fled howling away, and sought refuge in the depth of a jungle!

Mr. A——, a gentleman residing in New-Hampshire, was once, accompanied by two individuals attempting to cross the Merrimac river on the ice. But when they had reached the middle of the stream they saw to their great dismay the ice bending beneath their weight! Mr. A—— immediately saw the danger of his situation. There was no time for copulation, and he promptly embraced the only means which could save him from being drowned. He threw himself flat on the ice, wisely judging that he would be less likely to break through when his weight was spread over a large surface than when it was concentrated—and by the impetus of the movement he was carried over the most dangerous part of the stream—but his companions not resorting to a similar expedient, were plunged into the stream. Mr. A—— crawled to an island which was near, and with considerable difficulty succeeded in summoning some men to his assistance, who were at work on the banks of the river, and who by the help of boards

and ropes, at length succeeded in extricating his companions from their dangerous situation. If this gentleman had displayed less presence of mind, the three individuals would inevitably have perished.

During an alarm of fire a few years since in the town of Beverly, Mass. Mr. B——, a respectable mechanic of that town, had occasion to ascend the roof of a house to extinguish a fire, which was kindling among the shingles. He succeeded in his attempt; but as the roof became wet, he found it difficult to retain his foothold, and to the great terror of the surrounding crowd, he was seen gradually sliding towards the eaves with a slow but accelerating motion. His destruction appeared inevitable. No obstacle lay between him and a dreadful death. An ordinary individual in his situation would have uttered a shriek of despair, and vainly attempted to clutch at something to stay his slow but frightful progress to destruction. Not so with Mr. B——. His feelings at that moment were not to be envied—his perception of danger was clear, and he saw the necessity of adopting some immediate means to rescue himself from the fate which stared him in the face. He reasoned rapidly and coolly on his situation. It occurred to him that the slightest impediment would check his descent and save his life.—He put his hand in his pocket and drew forth a penknife, opened it, and thrusting it into the shingles beneath his feet, arrested his downward progress—and assistance being at hand, he was soon safely landed on terra firma.—*Beverly Journal.*

A BEAR'S CONSCIENCE.—The Indian includes all savage beasts within the number of his enemies. This is by no means a metaphorical or figurative expression, but is used in a literal sense, as will appear from what I am going to relate. A Delaware hunter once shot a huge bear, in the back-bone.—The animal fell and set up a most plaintive cry, something like that of a panther when he is hungry. The hunter instead of giving him another shot, came up close to him, and addressed him in these words. Hark ye, bear! you are a coward, and no warrior as you pretend to be. Were you a warrior you would show it by your *brumum* and not cry and whimper like an old woman. You know, bear, that our tribes are at war with each other, and that yours is the aggressor. You have found the Indians too powerful for you, and you have gone snaking about in the woods

stealing their hogs; perhaps at this time you have hogs flesh in your belly. Had you conquered me, I should have born it with courage, and died like a brave warrior but you bear sit here and cry and 'disgrace your tribe, by your cowardly conduct." I was present at the delivery of this curious invective, and when the hunter had despatched the bear, I asked him how he thought the poor animal could understand what he had said to it.—"Oh!" said he, "the bear understood me very well; did you not observe how ashamed he looked, and how he blushed while I was upbraiding him?"

TRUTH IS POWER.—Some men say that "wealth is power," and some say that "talent is power," and some that "knowledge is power," but their is an apothegm that I would place high above them all, when I would assert that "truth is power." Wealth cannot purchase, talent cannot refute; knowledge cannot overreach; authority cannot silence her; they all like Felix tremble at her presence. Fling her into the most tremendous billows of popular commotion; cast her into the seven fold heated furnaces of Tyrant's wrath; she mounts aloft as the ark upon the submit of the deluge; she walks with the sun of God, untouched by the conflagration. She is the ministering spirit who sheds on man that bright and indestructible principle of life, light and glory, which is given by his Mighty Author to animate, illuminate, and inspire the immortal soul, and which like himself, "is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." When the mould has long been heaped on all the pride of wealth and talent, and knowledge and authority; when earth, and heaven itself shall have passed away, truth shall rise, like the angel of Manoa's sacrifice, upon the flame of nature's funeral pyre, and ascend to her source, her heaven, and her home—the bosom of the holy and eternal God.

"JACK AT ALL TRADES."—A man in a Maryland paper advertises and returns his sincere thanks to the public for the liberal encouragement he has received in the *wheelwright and butchers business*. He likewise takes liberty to inform them, that he has provided himself with a *hearse* and materials for making coffins, and that he will be at all times ready to attend to any calls in the *shoe making and blacksmithing business*, that he is willing to *fill up his time in fiddling at pig shavers*.

THE MAGNOLIA.

Hudson, Saturday May 3, 1834.

To Correspondents.

We feel ourselves under great obligation to our fair friend A. B. for the interesting and well written tale which she has kindly furnished us. The tale gives full evidence of the ability of its author to write prose as well as poetry, and we are therefore sorry that our friend should have altered her signature, thereby depriving herself of the credit justly due as a prose and poetic writer. We anticipate in the romantic story of Henry and the peasant of the Alpine mountains, hinted at the close of the tale found in this paper, a rich treat for our readers in a coming number, and under this expectation solicit the continuation of the friendly aid of A. B. which will ever be duly acknowledged.

We are also much indebted to our friend J. for the several favors we have received from her pen, two of which will be found in this number. The articles are well written and exhibit a mind well informed, and a heart possessed of that refined sensibility which render the possessor an ornament to society.—The article on Industry shows that its author has formed a just conception of the duties of a female, to render herself useful in life, and to enjoy health and happiness; if many of our *would be ladies*, who through indolence are continually out of health, would follow the advice of our friend J. they would find themselves much the gainers in health and happiness, and their connections and society generally, would receive many advantages through their usefulness in managing their domestic affairs, in which they would be an example to others.

Cupid—This beautiful poetic effusion will be found in this number; articles as well written, will ever find a place in the *Magnolia*.

Married,

On the 14th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Stillman, Mr. Chancey H. Peak, to Miss Harriet H. Noyes, all of this city.

At the Bleach-works, in Stockport, on Sunday, the 27th, by the Rev. Mr. Sturges, Mr. John Lawton, to Miss Anne Statham, all of Stockport.

In New Orleans, on the 10th instant, by the Rev. Theodore Clapp, Mr. Nathan C. Folger, of this city, to Miss Madeline Godfray, of New Orleans.

*An Adventure upon the Road;
Or the Mysterious Correspondent.*

The following curious circumstance is from "Nights at Mess," published in Blackwood's Magazine. About thirty years ago, Mr. D. having at that time newly commenced business in Edinburgh, was returning on horseback from the city to a cottage he had near Cramond. It was a wild night in November, and though he usually took the seaside as the shortest way home, he resolved this evening, on account of the increasing darkness, to keep on the high-road. When he had proceeded about three miles from the town, and had come to the loneliest part of the way, he was suddenly arrested by a man, who sprang out of a small copse at the road side, and seized the bridle of his horse. Mr. B. was a man of great calmness and resolution, and asked the man the reason of his behaviour, without betraying the smallest symptom of agitation. Not so the assailant. He held the bridle in his hand, but Mr. B. remarked that it trembled excessively.—After remaining some time, as if irresolute what to do, and without uttering a word, he let go his hold of the rein, and said in a trembling voice.

"Pass on, sir, pass on;" and then he added, "thank heaven, I am yet free from crime."

Mr. B. was struck with the manner and appearance of the man, and said, "I fear you are in distress—is there any thing in which a stranger can assist you?"

"Strangers may, perhaps," replied the man in a bitter tone, "for nothing is to be hoped from friends."

"You speak, I hope, under some momentary feeling of disappointment."

"Pass on, pass on," he said, impatiently; "I have no right to utter my complaints to you. Go home and thank the almighty that a better spirit withheld me from my first intention when I heard you approach—or this might have been"—he suddenly paused.

"Stranger," said Mr. B. in a tone of real kindness, "you say you have no right to utter your complaints to me; I have certainly no right to pry into your concerns, but I am interested, I confess, by your manner and appearance, and I frankly make you an offer of any assistance I can bestow."

"You know not, sir," replied the stranger, "the person to whom you make so generous a proposal—a wretch stained with vices—degraded from the station he once held, and on the eve of becoming a robber"—"ay," he added, with a shudder, "perhaps a murderer."

"I care not, I care not for your former crimes—sufficient for me that you repent them—tell me wherein I can stand you friend?"

"Form myself, I am careless," replied the man: "but there is one who looks to me with eyes of quiet and still unchanged affection, though she knows that I have brought her from a home of comfort, to share the fate of an outcast and a beggar; I wished for her sake, to become once more respectable, to leave a country where I am known, and to gain character, station, wealth, to all which she is so justly entitled, in a foreign land; but I have not a shilling in the world." Here he paused and Mr. B. thought he saw him weep. He drew out his pocket-book, and unfolded a bank bill; he put it into the man's hand, and said, "Here is what I hope will ease you from your present difficulties—it is a note for a hundred pounds." The man started as he received the paper, and said in a low subdued tone, "I will not attempt to thank you, sir. May I ask your name and address?" Mr. B. gave him what he required.

"Farewell, sir," said the stranger. "When I have expiated my faults by a life of honesty and virtue I will pray for you—till then I dare not."

Saying these words, he bounded over the hedge and disappeared. Mr. B. rode home, wondering at the occurrence; and he has often said since, that he never derived so much pleasure from an hundred pounds in his life. He related the adventure to several of his friends; but as they were not all endowed with the same generosity of spirit as himself, he was rather laughed at for his simplicity, and in the course of a few years an increasing and very prosperous business drove the transaction almost entirely out of his mind. One day however, about twelve years after the adventure, he was sitting with a few friends after dinner, when a note was put in to his hands, and the servant told him that Leith carrier had brought a hoghead of Claret into the hall.—He opened the note, and found it to contain an order for an hundred pounds, with interest up to that time, accompanied with the strongest expression of gratitude for the service done to the writer long ago. It had no date, but informed him that he was happy, that he was respected, and that he was admitted partner of one of the first mercantile houses in the city where he lived. Every year the same present was continued, always accompanied with a letter. Mr. B., strange to say, made no great effort to discover his correspondent. The wine, as I have good reason to know, was the

finest that could be had, for many a good magnum of it have I drank at the hospitable table of my friend. At last he died, and the secret of who the mysterious correspondent might be, seemed in a fair way of dying with him. But my story is not yet done. When the funeral of Mr. B. had reached the Grey friar's churchyard, the procession was joined by a gentleman who got out of a very elegant carriage at the door of the church. He was a tall, handsome man, about forty-five years of age, dressed in the deepest mourning. There were no armorial bearings on the panel of his carriage, for I took the trouble to examine them very particular myself. He was totally unknown to all the family; and after the ceremony, during which he appeared to be greatly affected, he went up to the chief mourner, and said:

"I hope, sir you will excuse the intrusion of a stranger, but I could not refrain from paying the last tribute of respect to an excellent gentleman, who was at one time more my benefactor than any person living."

Saying this, he bowed, stepped quickly into his carriage, and disappeared. Now, this I have no doubt in my mind, was the very individual who had so much excited my curiosity. All I can say is, if he is still alive, I wish, when he dies, he would leave me his cellar of wine, for his judgement in that article, I'll be bound to say, is unimpeachable and sublime.

Anecdote of Stuart.

In the early period of Stuart's career as an independent portrait painter, he had for his attendant a wild boy, the son of a poor widow, whose time was full as much taken up by play with another of the painter's household, a fine Newfoundland dog, as by attendance upon his master. The boy and dog were inseparable, and when Tom went on an errand, Towser was sure to accompany him.—Tom was a terrible truant, and played so many tricks that Stuart again and again threatened to turn him off; but as often Tom found some way to keep his hold on his eccentric master. One day, as story-tellers say, Tom staid when sent of an errand, until Stuart, out of all patience, posted off to the boy's mother, determined to dismiss him; but on his entering, the old woman began first;—"Oh, Mr. Stuart, Tom has been here." "So I supposed,"—"Oh, Mr. Stuart, the dog!"—"He has been here, too. Well, well, he shall not come again! but Tom must come to you; I will not keep him!"—"Oh, Mr. Stuart,

it was the dog that did it!"—"Did what?"—"Look, sir—look there. The dog's overcast my mutton-pie; broke the dish: greased the floor: and eat the mutton!"—"I am glad of it! You encourage the boy to come here and here I will send him."—"It was the dog, sir, eat the mutton!"—"Well, the boy may come and eat your mutton. I dismiss him! I'll have no more to do with him!" The mother entreated, insisted that it was the dog's fault—told over and over again the story of the pie, until Stuart, no longer hearing her, conceived the plan of a trick upon Tom, with a prospect of a joke founded upon the dog's dinner of mutton-pie. "Well, well, say no more; here's something for the pie, and to buy a dish. I will try Tom again, provided you never let him know that I came here to-day or that I learned from you any thing of the dog and pie." The promise was given of course, and Stuart hastened home, as full of his anticipated trick to try Tom as any child with a new rattle. Tom found his master at his easel where he left him, and was prepared with a story to account for his delay, in which neither his mother nor Towser nor the mutton made parts. "Very well, sir," said the painter, "bring in dinner; I shall know all about it by and by." Stuart sat down to his mutton, and Towser took his place by his side as usual, while Tom as usual stood in attendance. "Well, Towser, your mouth don't water for you share. Where have you been? whisper;" and he put his ear to Towser's mouth, who wagged his tail in reply. "I thought so; with Tom to his mother's?"—"Bow-wow!"—"And have you had your dinner?"—"Bow!"—"I thought so. What have you been eating? put your mouth nearer, sir!"—"Bow-wow!"—"Mutton pie!—Very pretty. You and Tom have eaten Mrs. Jenkin's mutton-pie, ha!"—"Bow-wow!"—"He lies, sir! I didn't touch it: he broke mother's dish and eat all the mutton!" From that moment, Tom thought that if he wished to deceive his master, he must leave Towser at home; but rather on the whole concluded, that with the dog, the devil and the painter, he had no chance for successful lying.

REMOVAL OF DEPOSITS.—The editor of the American Farmer says he "must speak out" on this question. He has some ten or twelve thousand dollars deposited in the pockets of his subscribers, which he wants to remove as soon as arrangements can be made, to his own.

PREJUDICE.—Prejudice operates upon the mind as color does upon the glass through which we look upon an object, giving it that particular indistinctness and tint which is natural, and the color which stains it. The intellects of many are like so many varied colored mirrors, each reflecting the subjects presented to it, according to the tastes, antipathies, and errors it has imbibed, and of course, the impressions it receives vary in proportion to its recedure from or advancement to the truth. Now, before the light of the latter can break in upon such a mind, it must first be willingly turned towards the rays of the guiding luminary, or it will only resemble a dark cavern turned away from the light of the sun. It must feel conscious that it knows comparatively nothing; it must empty itself of all its preconceived notions and mistakes, and examine and seek after information in the spirit of a little child, who is anxious after instruction. All this is hard, very hard to perform those who are wrapped up in the ignis fatuus of their vanity and ignorance; and this is the very reason why there are so many the victims of their prejudices and errors, as they find it much easier to follow the current of their despotic humors, than to overcome themselves, and love and pursue truth for its own intrinsic value.

A gay Irishman a short time since, arrived at the Hotel de Suede, in the Rue de Richelieu, Paris, and having a quantity of dirty linen, sent for a washerwoman, and told her to pick it up from the floor. Shortly afterwards the washerwoman returned, and to the traveller's great surprise, put into his hand a number of bank notes, which had been negligently left among the linen. The Irishman was very grateful, and strongly urged the young woman to accept a reward for her honesty; but she resolutely refused to do so, and seemed quite humiliated at the offer. Some days afterwards a marriage was celebrated at the Church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, which attracted a vast number of persons. It was easy to perceive, from the dress and manner of the bridegroom, that he was a foreigner, and from the timid and embarrassed deportment of the bride, that she did not belong to the same class as her intended, and that it was decidedly a marriage of inclination. The above anecdote got into circulation among the—in a word, the bride was none other than the young washerwoman, whom the Irishman had thought worthy of sharing his fortune and destiny.—*Lon. paper.*

A PERSEVERING DUE.—"I have a story to tell you of Lord Bath. He owed a tradesman eight hundred pounds, and would never pay him; the man determined to persecute him till he did and one morning followed him to Lord Winchelsea's, and sent up word he wanted to speak with him. Lord Bath came down and said. 'Fellow, what do you want with me?' 'My money,' said the man as loud as ever he could bawl, before all the servants. He bade him call next morning—and then, would not see him. The next Sunday, the man followed him to church, and got into the next pew; he leaned over and said, 'My money, give me my money.' My Lord went to the end of the pew; the man too—'Give me my money.' The sermon, was on avarice, and the text, 'Cursed are they that heap up riches.' The man groaned out 'O Lord!' and pointed to my Lord Bath. In short, he persisted so much, and drew the eyes of all the congregation, that my Lord Bath went out and paid him directly. I assure you this is a fact."—*Walpole's Correspondence.*

A PLEASANT INVITATION.—In the year 1762 a Lieut. Campbell was convicted of forgery; and condemned to death. On the evening before his execution, he wrote a species of circular to all such of his friends as were at the time in his neighborhood, which ran thus: 'Lieutenant Campbell presents his compliments to—and requests the pleasure of his company to-morrow morning, to take a dish of chocolate, and to do him the honor to accompany him to Tyburn, to be present at his execution.' Who shall pride himself on the paltry arrangement of 'pistols and coffee for three' after this?

A GOOD JOKE.—A teamster lately lost from his wagon a keg of butter, which was found by a man, who carried it half a mile on foot to the tavern of Mr. H. where he found the owner. Mr. H. (the landlord) observed to him that he was well paid—that *thank you was* worth 25 cents, and *thank you kindly* was worth 37½ cents. He (the footman) soon called for a dinner, which was forthwith provided. After finishing the meal, he inquired the price—the answer was 25 cents. He then said, "I thank you kindly," and moved off.—The landlord immediately called to him, "Here stop, my friend, and take your change; there is 12½ cents your due—your bill was only 25 cents."—*Massachusetts Spy.*

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—A young lady at Bristol was struck in the face (some years since) by a snow ball, which bruised her face much, but it soon got well; ever since in snowy weather, a redness appears, and clear water runs down her face in large drops, so as to wet a napkin very soon; medical advice is to no purpose; yet in fine weather it dries up, and her face appears as if nothing had been the matter.

A French countryman employed a lawyer to conduct a cause, but did not seem in a hurry to give him his fee. "Friend," said the attorney, "your business is so confused I cannot see my way into it." The countryman, who was aware of his meaning, drew two pieces of gold out of his pocket, and giving them to the limb of the law, said, "Well then, sir, here is an excellent pair of spectacles for you."

GOSLINGS.—"Halloo Mister!" cried a passenger in a Stage Coach, to a rough looking foot-passenger, "Can you tell me what has become of those goslings which were hatched, last year, on the top of that rock?" "Four of them are dead Sir," returned Jonathan, "and the other, I perceive, is a passenger in the Stage Coach." The gentleman was used up.

Three Venetians, whom the late Lord Byron brought with him into England, were so dreadfully attacked by ophthalmia, as almost entirely to lose their eyesight. "What can we do with these poor fellows?" said his lordship, when he heard of their misfortune.—"Why," said Dr. L. "at the worst, we can set each of them up as a *Venetian Blind*."

SOFT HEADS.—A Quaker travelling with a flippant young infidel, the latter took an opportunity of turning into ridicule certain portions of scripture. "Do you think," said he, "that the stone from David's sling could have entered the forehead of Goliath?" The quaker tired with his impertinent levity, coolly replied, "Why truly, I think it could, if his pate were as soft as thine."

IRISHMAN'S NOTION OF HANGING.—An Irishman going to be hanged, begged that the rope might be tied under his arms instead of round the throat; "For," said Pat, "I am so remarkably ticklish in the throat, that if tied there, I'll certainly kill myself with laughing."

ODD ANSWER.—The elder folks were talking of Doncaster, when one turned to a listening child and said, "Did you ever see a rook, bobby?" "Yes," was the answer, "I have seen the candles run."

Agents for the Magnolia.

NEW-YORK.

N. Howard, P. M. Stepentown.
J. W. Dutcher, Albany.
A. F. Miller, Gellistie.
Moore & Stone, Plattsburgh.
L. W. Chappell, Easton.
Levi L. Hill, Kingston.
Alexander F. Wheeler, Chatham 4 Corners.
J. Douglas, Haverstraw.
Charles S. Willard, Catskill.
C. B. Dutcher, Spencertown.
Mr. Ford, Red Rock.
D. D. Newberry, Syracuse.
Jacob D. Clark, Delhi.
Clinton L. Adancourt, Troy.
Thomas Netterville, Athens.
Dr. Charles Drake, Plattekill.
R. G. Dorr, Hillsdale.
W. C. Benjamin, Fayetteville.
Charles Helmstreet, Fairfield.
E. D. Litchfield, Delphi.
W. H. Omler, Forestville.
John G. Wallace, Milton.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Dr. William Bassett, Granby.
A. G. Parker, P. M. Shirley Village.
George H. Presbrey, Lunenburg.
Charles S. Breckenridge, Ware.
Calvin Gunn, Pittsfield.

RHODE-ISLAND.

Richard Carrique, Jr. Cumberland.
James D. Wolcott, Loonsdale.

CONNECTICUT.

John R. Chapin, Wallingford.
Horace Ames, New-Hartford.
Hermes Chapin, New-Hartford.

VERMONT.

D. S. Kittle, Castleton.
S. S. Smith, Burlington.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Dewitt C. Warner, Montrose.
Ezra S. Park, do.

OHIO.

D. D. Shumway, Bricksville.
Hill & Baird, Washington, Fayette Co.

THE MAGNOLIA,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, BY

P. DEAN CARRIQUE.

Hudson, N. Y., at One Dollar per annum, in advance. Persons acting as Agents, on forwarding Five Dollars shall receive six copies, and in the same proportion for all they may obtain.

All letters and communications must come postage paid to receive attention.